FORD TIMES

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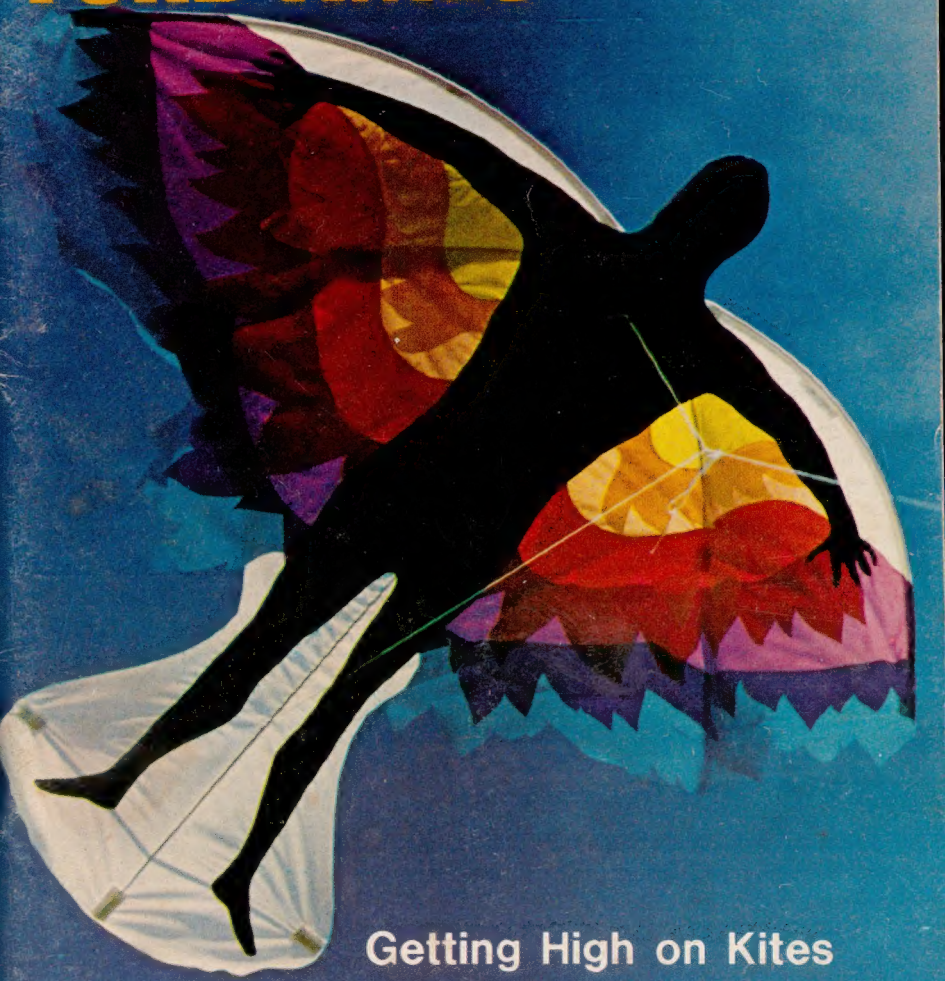

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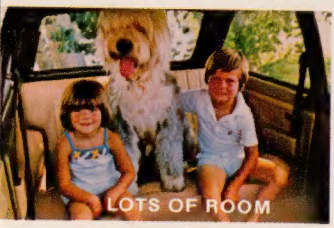
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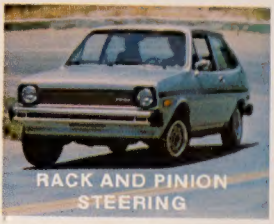
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March 1979, Vol. 72, No. 3

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Cover: No, it's not Superman but a kite based on Icarus, the flying man of Greek legend who flew too close to the sun. The kite was one of about 150 million sold in the United States last year. The story begins on page 40. Photo courtesy of Kiteworld, Inc., San Francisco.

WHEN THE WEST WAS STILL WILD

WHEN I HEAR people talking about their exciting trips to Las Vegas and Reno, I remember how it was when I lived in Nevada as a small child. In 1906 my father, a young engineer, had been sent out from Washington by the Department of Agriculture to the tiny desert town of Fallon to head an irrigation project and "make the desert blossom like a rose."

Leaving the amenities of Washington, D.C., to live in the primitive desert country, without even a real house at first and no modern conveniences, was real pioneering for my mother.

After getting off the train at Hazen, we came in a buckboard drawn by two horses, 16 miles across the desert. Mother was expecting a baby at any time, and when, after hours crossing the hot desert, with its jack rabbits, horned toads and rattlesnakes, we arrived at our destination, Mother vowed she would never leave until the train came to Fallon. It took over four years for that to happen.

With advance word of our coming, just before our arrival the townspeople, adhering to the code of the West, cut down a lynched man from a tree on the main street, as a courtesy to the wife of the new "water boss."

For almost a year, until lumber arrived from San Francisco to build us a home, we lived in a tent house — our living room — and an old yellow shack where we ate and slept. A few weeks after we arrived, my brother was born in the yellow shack, helped into the world, Mother said, by a drunken doctor with a wooden leg, while the coyotes howled outside.

I was four years old when I first saw my red-faced, black-haired brother. I thought he was an Indian, and I said to my parents, "Are you going to keep it?" They assured me they were, and he grew up to be proud of his sagebrush beginnings.

When Tommy was a husky 9 or 10 months old he just missed being brought up by foster parents as an Indian brave. Mother said it wasn't a very near miss, though. She used to buy baskets from the Indians, mostly Paiutes, and one of them, named Jennie Jake, brought around a papoose basket that Mother wanted very much. She thought it would be fun to lace Tommy in it with its rawhide

by Alice Means Reeve
illustrations by Dick Brown

thongs, and carry him on her back as the squaws did, and to send pictures back to her family and friends in Washington. But it was too expensive. After a bit of haggling, Jennie offered to give it to her in exchange for Tommy. She pointed out that Mother had me, and didn't really need the boy too. But after a great deal more bargaining, Mother finally decided to pay the few extra dollars and to keep her son. She said she never regretted her decision.

From the beginning Tommy loved the Indians, and as soon as he could toddle he used to leave the table at meal time and go outside to eat with them. There were always several of them sitting around a campfire, with coffee in an old kerosene can. They used to wash for Mother and sometimes do other work. After our house was built, I guess things were easier for her, for she had a pump on the back porch. There was a small room in the house called a bathroom, but there was no plumbing in it and Mother used it for a sewing room. The *real* "bathroom" was outside at the end of the board walk. It was a pretty cold trip when everything was covered with snow in the winter.

Tommy and I had our baths in the warm kitchen, in a round washtub on Saturday nights. The kitchen was a cozy place, and I remember the fireless cooker Mother had. It looked like a little low wooden seat, with two black leather cushions on top. But underneath were two large kettles. The first thing in the morning Mother would heat food in the kettles on the wood-burning stove, and the unforgettable fragrance of piñon pine would fill the house. When the food was hot, the covered kettles would be put back in the fireless cooker, with the cushions on top. When dinner time came there would be a mouth-watering kettle of baked beans or rabbit stew, or something else delicious. It was wonderful for the days when Mother went to her Five Hundred Club and played cards with some of the local ladies.

Mother couldn't have been too unhappy with her pioneer life, for I can remember her singing little happy tunes all through the day. And I remember her sitting in her rocking

chair and rocking Tommy and singing lullabies to him.

In this land of sun and sand, fence posts sprouted into cottonwood trees and sometimes grew to gigantic size. I remember that during one of our terrific sandstorms, when the trees were lashing and roaring, we found Tommy outside, dragging an axe. He thought if he could cut down the trees then the wind wouldn't blow any more.

A short distance from us lived one of the town characters in a big white house surrounded by these giant cottonwoods. He was a U.S. Senator who couldn't get enough swear words into his conversation so he swore between syllables. He used to brag in his great booming voice that he was "so in-de-dam-pendent that he wouldn't be under any ob-li-by-God-gations to any man!" His little granddaughter, a contemporary of mine, picked up some of her grandfather's monologue

and became so proficient that Mother refused to let me play with her any more.

One day — I must have been about 6 — Mother gave me a silver dollar and told me to go downtown and buy a banana. They were scarce and very expensive, but she needed one for her ladies' luncheon. The main street was Maine Street, named by some displaced and lonely New Englander. Clutching the dollar, I started to cross the street, which was unpaved and knee-deep in sand, when suddenly I heard a jingling of harness bells, and the ground shook under my feet. I looked up and there was a 20-mule team bearing down on me.

Terrified, I dropped the dollar. It sank into the sand, and I turned and ran for home as fast as I could. Mother didn't scold me for losing the dollar. She just hugged me, dried my tears and said she guessed the ladies would much rather have me safe than have a banana in their fruit salad.

Pets played a large part in our desert lives. We had a black cocker spaniel named Dandy and a cat named Pinto, and Tommy had rabbits, horned toads and a little bantam hen. After our house was built, on cold winter mornings Dandy, Pinto, Tommy and I all jockeyed for position on the hearth, while the piñon pine logs snapped and crackled dangerously close. On winter evenings we all would sit by the fire and shell pine nuts which Dad bought from the Indians by the sackful. Our Christmas trees were always piñon pines, trimmed with homemade decorations and little sparkling red-and-yellow barley sugar animals.

At the end of four years, Dad had made a big success of the irrigation project and the desert blossomed with numerous fruits and vegetables. Business was thriving and the railroad had come to Fallon. Dad decided it was time to move on and open his own engineering office. So we were off to California.

But the desert is a witch, and once she has claimed you for her own, you can never quite escape her. Many times she would beckon, and many times we would return to the sagebrush land we had all grown to love.□

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Our Quality Commitment

Products That Are More Trouble-Free, Longer-Lasting

by John McDougall
Executive vice president — Operations
Ford North American Automotive Operations

THE QUEST for superior quality has always been a top priority at Ford and I can assure you that's true now more than ever. It's not simply a matter of assembly-line inspection. Product quality has to be there in the first place.

We are in the process of redesigning all of our North American car lines by 1985 — some of them even twice. This process began with the Ford Fairmont and Mercury Zephyr in 1978, and continued with the Ford Mustang and LTD and Mercury Capri and Marquis for 1979. We'll have spent about $20 billion by 1985 to do all this. The task will tax our resources to the limit, but it will also provide an unprecedented opportunity to get at the fundamentals of product excellence on two fronts — designing quality into the products, and improving the machinery, equipment and plants that build them.

The latter — although they have not received the publicity the product changes have — could be the most important because we'll be spending a large part of that $20 billion to build new facilities and renovate existing plants. As we build, enlarge and modernize these plants, and add new and sophisticated tooling, we will have countless chances to introduce the most modern manufacturing and testing techniques. This will help us increase production efficiency and productivity, and, most importantly, it will enable us to further upgrade our quality.

The best way to describe our efforts is through the motto we've adopted: "Good quality is the result of doing it right the first time" — through every stage of planning, design, engineering, manufacturing, assembly and dealership service. I mention dealership service because, as we all know, unscheduled maintenance is inevitable. With that in mind, our engineers are working closely with service research and service engineering personnel in an attempt to insure that repairs can be made at minimum cost with optimum efficiency.

In the past, our industry has been

accused of not pursuing quality as aggressively as sales because there wasn't much profit opportunity in quality. Well, if that ever was true, it is definitely not true today for three very profit-oriented reasons: First, getting it right the first time saves money in our manufacturing and assembly process; second, it lowers our warranty expenses, and third, it improves customer loyalty, which is the cornerstone of long-range success in the automobile business.

To meet our own tough objectives, we have instituted a comprehensive program to help achieve improved durability, quality and reliability in our products. Durability and reliability are the long-range measurements of a vehicle's ability to provide trouble-free, functional transportation. These elements, of course, are integral to our design and engineering processes. Quality is the short-range factor — it's the measure of exactly how the product is being put together right now; it's the assurance that parts and components are being built to design specifications and that vehicles are being assembled properly.

After we establish standards for durability and reliability, it's up to our people to maintain the quality. About 15,000 persons in Ford North American Automotive Operations are engaged solely in quality control. Their full-time responsibility is to monitor components, parts and vehicles to make sure they are built to specification. The process involves both in-company and supplier-produced materials.

Once we know the suppliers' goods are up to our standards, the responsibility for giving the customer the best automobile on the road is on our shoulders. And in this continuing search for new and better ways to assure our customers of high-quality products, we have begun utilizing space-age technology in parts inspection. Working together with electronics and computer firms, Ford has developed a half-dozen so-called non-contact gauges that we believe are unique to the industry.

A key area of quality control is the new-model launch, and our 1979 launch was the most critical in history. We introduced four all-new vehicles, yet did so in a manner that made the launch the best ever in terms of durability, quality and reliability. Before production, our 1979-model cars were subjected to more durability-testing miles — almost 20 million — than for any other Ford model-year lineup. In addition, our four all-new cars incorporated more use of computer-design techniques than any other cars in our history.

Despite the increased complexity of vehicles due to government standards for safety, damageability, emissions, noise and fuel economy — and customer demand for more optional equipment — we are committed to making our vehicles more trouble-free and longer-lasting. We have the programs and the technology to accomplish this task. □

THE PASTY

A COPPER COUNTRY FAVORITE

by Nancy Kennedy

It wouldn't surprise me to pick up a newspaper some day and discover that a *War of the Pasties* had broken out in the Keweenaw Peninsula, the incredibly beautiful northernmost projection of land in Michigan's Upper Peninsula (U.P.). Differences of opinion about the "real Cornish pasty" run high. It would be safer to bring up politics or religion at a party in the Copper Country than to ask as I did, "What is the best way to make a real pasty?" In a room with 50 people there were 50 definite opinions.

Everyone does agree that the pasty (which means pie in Cornish and is pronounced PASS-tee) is a portable potpie. It contains meat and vegetables and is encased in a crust. The original recipes were brought to the U.P. in the 19th century by the Cornish people who came to work in the area's copper mines. This meal-in-a-crust originated in Cornwall, the southwest corner of England. There, a majority of the inhabitants were poor miners and fishermen who made pies out of almost anything. Legend has it that the devil stayed out of Cornwall for fear of being baked in a pie. "Nothing was too big, too small, too tough or too greasy — nothing was considered too common to compose a Cornish pie," according to one historian of Cornwall.

Whatever the legend, the pasty was a favorite with miners in both England and the Keweenaw Peninsula because it was so handy. It was a whole meal that could be popped in a wrapper, placed in a lunch pail and then reheated on a shovel over the candle the miner wore attached to his hat. So that each miner knew his own pasty in the dimly lighted mines, many wives put initials on the corner of each pasty — if one didn't finish it all at lunch, he could be sure of getting his own by initial when he finished it later. Good form dictated that a pasty was eaten by holding it like a sandwich and eating it beginning at the end opposite to the initials.

The Cornish introduced the pasty in the 1840s, but soon the dish became an Upper Peninsula institution, which it remains today, long after most mines have been closed. In 1887, a historian wrote about miners carrying tea and food in tin pails underground, and warming drink and pasties over candles. He described the pasty as "an enormous turnover filled with chopped beefsteak, boiled potatoes

A pasty in an old Keweenaw Peninsula lunch bucket. Miner's hat, candle and ore, courtesy of Ontonagon County Historical Society, Ontonagon, Michigan. Photos by Leonard P. Johnson.

The ingredients for a pasty are prepared separately and then placed on top of the rolled-out crust, in layers or scrambled.

and onions and spice." He found this "strong dish" immensely satisfying but warned against eating it at a late hour lest one be haunted by terrifying dreams.

It seemed that everyone loved pasties once they had tried them. The Cornish were the first, but each ethnic group that came to work in the mines — the Finns, Scots, Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, French, Slovenians and Italians — adopted the dish and made it to their own tastes.

No part of the pasty is free from controversy. Here are a few differences of opinion culled from the many home cooks and restaurants and bakeries in the U.P. that prepare and sell pasties.

Crust: Most cooks use suet or lard, or vegetable shortening, but some prefer a puff paste crust. But while some use hot water in the crust, others use cold water. Some slash the crust, to let steam escape; others pick it with a fork or cut a hole in it.

Most pasties are shaped like a half circle. The dough is rolled out in a circle and filled in the middle and the edges crimped down the center. Others fill one half of the pasty, fold over the other half to form a half pie, then seal the edges.

Meat: Traditionalists use only beef or a combination of beef and pork. However, I did find a recipe for a Basque sheepherder's pasty that used lamb. Surely this would spread the culinary war to the Far West and probably should never even be mentioned in the U.P. Even how the meat is cut causes arguments — big chunks, small cubes, shreds or even ground. Most pasty experts in the U.P. scorn ground meat, relegating it to fare for small children and invalids . . . but it does have a few friends.

Vegetables: All agree on potato and onion but then there are also partisans of carrots, rutabagas, tur-

nips and even peas. One timid Keweenaw cook admitted to me that she put peas in her pasties when she was alone but would never publicly admit even to her family a preference for this far-out version of a classic. Also does one chip, slice or dice the vegetables? One expert said that she "threaded" a large ribbon of rutabaga through her pasty filling for a superb and subtle flavor.

Seasonings: Salt and pepper are in all of the recipes, but some cooks add a touch of sage, parsley, thyme or marjoram. One old English recipe that I found (page 14) had cheese in the filling as well as in the crust. Some add a bit of crumbled suet or butter to give the filling moisture and richness.

Arrangement of Filling: Amazingly enough, people can't even agree on how to fill the pasty crust. Some put meat and vegetables in separate layers. Others say to scramble all ingredients before filling the crust. Also, some prepare the potatoes at the very last minute, claiming that the starch is lost by cutting them up and placing them in cold water for a long time. The starch of the potato binds the ingredients.

Condiments: Yes, what to serve with a pasty also starts vociferous arguments. Chow-chow, an English mustard pickle, is favored by some. Others prefer sour pickles or ketchup. But all pasty lovers I met in the Keweenaw Peninsula were united in shocked horror at the thought of gravy on a pasty. "Why I know folks who wouldn't sit at the same table with a person eating gravy on a pasty," stated 86-year-old Winnie McCormick, a pasty expert who lives in Laurium, a mining town. (Her popular pasty recipe is on page 14.)

Well there you have it. You can take your choice and experiment until you find your own favorite combination. The pasty has a place in modern life, for if properly wrapped it will stay warm for hours. This has endeared it to campers, hikers, hunters and fishermen. It also freezes well.

It is amusing to think that this hearty food mentioned in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," has continued to be a popular meal even today, thus establishing a continuity of more than 300 years. Long live the TRUE PASTY wherever it may be found!

Pasty Recipes

This recipe from 86-year-old Winnie McCormick paid off the mortgage on the Calumet, Michigan, Methodist Church in just 10 years. In an area of finicky pasty eaters, Winnie's pasty attracted large crowds to church suppers and was pronounced a winner. The recipe was brought to the U.P. in the 1840s by Winnie's father, a miner, from

his home in Penzance, England.

English Pasty
Dough

Sift 8 cups flour and 2 teaspoons salt into large mixing bowl. Cut in 1 pound lard with pastry blender, 2 knives, or between the fingers until the mixture becomes crumbly. Add 2½ cups ice water gradually to make a soft dough. The less handling the better the crust. Dough may be made ahead of time and placed in a bowl with a damp cloth covering the top. On a floured board, roll out dough into 12 circles about the size of dinner plates.

Filling

1 pound lean beef or flank steak
¾ pound lean pork
8 small potatoes
1 small turnip or rutabaga
3 small onions
Salt and pepper, to taste
Butter

Cut meat into small pieces. Peel potatoes, turnip and onion. Chip each into small pieces in separate containers. Place onion onto crust first. Add meat, salt and pepper to taste and then potato and turnip, which you may mix together. Add a dab of butter on the top of each. Bring top portion of crust over. Seal with water on the edges. Crimp and roll edges around the bottom portion. Cut slits in the top. Bake on a lightly greased baking sheet, leaving a little room between pasties for even browning. Bake in a preheated 425° oven for 45 minutes. Remove from oven and place a tea towel over pasties. Let set for 10 minutes before serving 12. (This recipe appeared in the book "Favorite Recipes of the Upper Peninsula" published by the Business and Professional Women's Clubs of the area. Copies of the 360-page cookbook may be purchased by sending $7 to Favorite Recipes, P.O. Box 205, Calumet, Michigan 49913.)

Here is an Old Country version of the ever-popular pasty called a Priddy Oggy. (An oggy is what people in the west country of England call a pasty.) This recipe is a specialty and creation of the Miners Arms Hotel in Priddy, Somerset, England.

Priddy Oggy
Cheese Pastry

Place 2 cups sifted flour in a bowl with a pinch of salt; make a well in the center, add the ¼ cup each butter and lard (cut into small pieces), and ½ cup sharp Cheddar cheese, grated. Mix while adding enough water to form a smooth dough. Knead lightly and place in the refrigerator for 30 minutes. Roll out pastry and cut an 8-inch circle.

Filling

4 ounces pork tenderloin
3 thin slices smoked loin of pork (raw)
1 ounce slice aged cheddar cheese
1 sage leaf
1 small sprig thyme
Salt and pepper

Cut pork tenderloin almost in half and beat to flatten out. Measure circle of meat and cut so that it is an inch smaller in diameter than the 8-inch pastry circle. Lay flattened pork in the center of the pasty. Cover with two slices of smoked pork loin and then a slice of Cheddar cheese. Lay the third piece of smoked pork on top and add the crumbled sage leaf and the thyme. Season with salt and pepper. Paint the edges of the pastry with water and secure by bringing the edges to the top and crimping the two edges together carefully in a torpedo shape. Preheat oven to 375°, place oggy on lightly greased cookie sheet and bake for 1 hour. Makes 1 portion. □

The Man From SOCIAL SECURITY

He finds the homey style of bureaucracy in rural South Carolina

by Jocelyn H. Cobb
illustrations by Bruce Bond

"You say, Mrs. Jarrett, you were 20 when you married in 1944?" I asked her

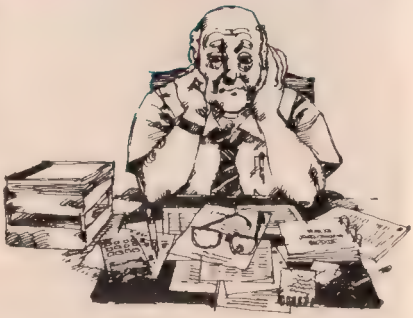
doubtfully. "That would mean you were born in 1924. Now tell me, how COULD you be 62 in three months and eligible for Social Security payments? The difference between 1924 and 1979 is 55, not 61."

The sprightly lady has the grace to look flustered, to look over my shoulder at the wall behind me, to examine her fingernails intently.

"Well," she finally concedes, "I guess I was 20-*ish*."

Forebodings strike me. I know only too well from past experience that the opening interview is likely to set the tone for the day and, as a representative of the Social Security Administration, I figure at once it's going to be Blue Monday, problems, problems, problems, the very first application involving recalculation from birth to benefits. But the conference room in the Charles Hammond Building is cool and pleasant, an air-conditioned cocoon protecting us from Aiken County's summer heat. Mrs. Jarrett and I are soon quite cheerful as we attempt to recover her lost years.

Cool and pleasant on Monday, however, doesn't guarantee cool and pleasant on Tuesday or any other day of the week since the Administration's rural meeting places, or contact stations, vary widely from the plush to the primitive. I've used the mess hall in a National Guard Armory, the drafty grand jury room in a county



building, the modern well-appointed Health Department office in a small town, the grubbiest of shacks behind an ancient courthouse. And yet, in spite of the ticky-tack nature of some of the stations, even possibly because of the makeshift arrangements, I've noticed a curious bond develops between me and my clients, occasionally disconsolate but more often cordial, an intimacy that never occurs in the large district offices. The man from Social Security, or field rep, learns to get along with whatever the day has to offer.

Usually when I arrive at the prearranged contact station, I find a crowd already waiting. With so many in line, each with what is to the claimant a matter of urgency, there's no time for idle chitchat. I plunge right in. Ideally, of course, the field rep is supposed to be a model of patience and compassion, capable of slicing

through irrelevance to the nub without ever losing his poise or his sense of humor. Although I make a sincere effort to reach these standards, I'm not always successful.

Witness the impasse that occurred with Mr. Geter, a rugged old farmer. I ask him clear and plain, "What is your address, Mr. Geter?"

"What's my — huh?"

"Where do you live?"

"Live? 'Bout five miles out."

"Out where? What's the route number?"

"Ain't no route. Road south of here. Down the road apiece."

He crosses his legs with an air of that settles THAT but I have to persist, asking him exactly WHERE on the road.

"Where? 'Bout a quarter mile this side of Jim Quattlebaum."

"And where does Mr. Quattlebaum live?"

"Other side of me."

It doesn't take great insight to realize that this could go on all morning. Desperate, I come at it from another angle.

"What I mean to say, Mr. Geter, is WHERE do you get your mail?"

Mr. Geter stirs. Scratches his head. "Why, sir," he says, looking at me with kindly sorrow. "Why, sir — out to the mailbox."

Social Security claims require the field rep to ask for much personal information including age, marital status, divorces, legitimacy of children, income, etc., and, with the advent of Supplemental Security Income, other sensitive areas must also be probed.

The start of almost any claim involves establishing the correct date of birth and, quite apart from the lady who catapulted from 55 to 61 right there in front of me, this is often a serious obstacle. Before the 1920s, births weren't usually recorded in the Southeastern United States, so determining the date of birth for people native to the region can lead the field rep through census records, the ubiquitous family Bible, even the birth certificates of the claimant's children. It's a great relief when someone comes in with an original birth certificate or confides blithely, "I know births weren't recorded when I was born but here's my infant baptismal certificate from St. Thaddeus . . ."

Next to the difficulty of getting a clearcut answer in the matter of age, geography is a common stumbling block. Papers spread, ballpoint at the ready, I ask, "Were you born in South Carolina?"

"Born in South Carolina? No, siree. I was born right here in Aiken County."

Or else the question may be whether or not the claimant has ever been out of the country.

"I sure have," he assures me. "I've been twice up to New York City."

A frequent and essential point which has to be covered in survivor claims is "cause of death." I've already mentioned the need for a sense of humor, but controlling oneself in the face of rib-ticklers is equally important — such as in the case of the

man who died of "cerebral hemorrhoids." Again I thank heaven for my poker face when a young widow comes into my rural contact station to file for the lump sum death benefits. Suitably sympathetic, I ask how her husband died.

She answers promptly. "I stabbed him. But mind you, there're no charges. The police know it was self-defense."

Well, these things do happen in the tug and pull of life. I then inquire if she'd ever been married before. Yes, she had.

"And how did that marriage end?" I ask.

"Same way," she replies with unruffled aplomb. "I stabbed him, too."

Off in the outlying contact stations, the field rep is on his own when it comes to handling the unusual cases and making some unorthodox decisions. On this job, hundreds of faces have passed before me, many already forgotten. But I'll always remember the diffident little man, tufts of grizzled hair sticking out over his ears, the comfortable motherly wife and, between them, the tall blonde girl-woman, sweet-faced and vacant-eyed. The elderly couple are "payees" for the girl, receiving and taking full responsibility for her Social Security check.

They'd taken her to live with them in 1973 when they first brought her in to me — looking then exactly as she still looks. At the time, the old man had wondered whether their protégée might be entitled to some kind of payment from the Administration. Abandoned as a small child, she'd been raised in a local children's hospital and, although there was no difficulty getting proof from the hospital of her retarded condition and her inability to work for a living, that wasn't enough to entitle her to even the smallest benefit. It was necessary to trace the father and make certain he'd worked under Social Security before she could get a cent. It took weeks of digging, loose ends and false leads, before his records were located, thus assuring the daughter of a small income as a disabled child.

The whole long rigmarole comes back to me as the trio sit silently on the other side of the desk.

"Is something wrong?" I ask.

"No, nothing wrong," the man replies. "We come to ask, can she have a cow? She wants a cow. I mean,

what'll they say if I spend her Social Security money on a cow?"

Before I can answer, the young woman leans toward me. "Please," she begins earnestly. The eyes, flat and empty only minutes before, are filled with an expression of pleading. "*Please,* mister, can I have a cow? All I want in the world is a cow of my own to look after."

There is a certain flexibility in the Social Security regulations — some might call it the grace of human kindliness — and she gets her cow.

And so it goes, the experiences of a field rep ranging from poignant to funny, the contact stations from chilly to sweltering. And yet there's no denying it, I like the refreshingly direct associations that are the lot of the Social Security man. Besides, I know for a certainty that where one case is routine, the next depressing, I can always count on a lift of the spirits — today in the guise of a feisty little woman.

"Yes, we are de-vorced." she announces firmly. "It's legal. You see, mister, I found him in the bed with the hussy, and when I told Lawyer Stellings, he said to me, he said, 'Mrs. Boykin, you *sure* are entitled to a divorce. You caught that Sam Boykin right smack in *fragrant delicious*!'" □

THE HAUNTING CARVINGS ON THE ASPEN TREES

The Basques left their mark in the high, lonely places throughout the West

by Yvonne Michie Horn
photos by Michael Clayton and Richard Lane

POLING on our cross-country skis through a snow-bound high Sierra meadow one sparkling day last winter, we paused to open our knapsacks in the shelter of an aspen grove. As we leaned against a winter-bared tree, munching on our cheese and apples, we suddenly noticed that we were dining in an outdoor art gallery. Etched on the bark of the tree across from us was a fancy-lady of ample proportions, carved life-sized with gartered leg raised in an exuberant kick. On the neighboring tree was carved a deer, antlers towering into the aspen's branches. On the next was a strange, four-storied house. A second plump lady appeared, looking risqué on the silver bark of yet another tree. Lunch forgotten, we glided through the grove. "Here's another one!" "Look at this one!" Most were dated and signed. How did this gallery of carved, pictorial graffiti come to be in this high, isolated meadow?

The pictures continued to haunt us long after our skis and poles were stored for the season. Then a ranger acquaintance gave us a partial answer. "Oh, you mean the Basque tree carvings," he said. "The sheepherders do them."

In the West, "sheepherder" is synonymous with "Basque," for at one time, literally thousands of Basques tended sheep under contract to the Western Range Association. They all came to the West the same way — as willing-to-work young men, many still in their teens, with little more than the

clothes on their backs and a solemn promise to return home to Spain or France soon with pockets full of stake money for a better life. But for most, "soon" never came. Nor did enough savings to bankroll a voyage home.

It was thought that Basques were especially suited to withstand the psychological stress of the solitude inherent to sheepherding. But this was probably not so. What the Basques did possess was a code of honor that said that an obligation undertaken was one to be fulfilled, coupled with an incredible capacity to endure.

Sheep demand constant attention from the one in charge. But there are many hours when all the flock requires is the presence of the herder. And it was during those hours that the herders carved. They carved on the aspens to give evidence of their existence. They carved to visually verify their thoughts and remembrances.

Their carvings reflected memories of a warm night in a bordello town and thoughts of home. They carved heartfelt statements in French or Spanish that circled trees in tirades against the sheep owner or the political climate of their homeland. Some were content to write their birthplace and name, and then list the dates that they returned to a certain grazing meadow. One such listing ended, *Adios la sierra para siempre* — Goodbye forever mountain.

Near the west end of Independence Lake, not far from where the Donner Party spent its ill-fated winter of 1846, we came across a treasure trove of tree art. It appeared as if each new herder to the meadow strove to outdo the carvings he found. One began high on the trunk with a many-storied house, typical of the Pyrenees, then a long road wound round and round the tree. On the road was a sailing ship, and at the end of the road, sheep. On another tree, wide staring eyes gazed at us out of an unidentifiable animal-human body.

It's hard for us to believe that we'd never before noticed the aspen carvings on our many treks through high mountain meadows. Now that we know to look, we see them everywhere, everywhere Basque sheepherders graze their wooly bands. We have found tree art in Arizona and Colorado, in Utah and Wyoming, in Nevada and California, and in Oregon's Cascades. Aspens are short-lived as trees go, making excellent fodder for winter storms and construction logs for beavers. Even so, we have seen trees dated 1895, marking the first influx of Basques into the summer meadows.

Today, reflecting the rapid decline of the open-range sheep industry, only a handful of Basques run their bands through the high meadows where sheep can feed for weeks. Of those, only a few camp out in traditional, white canvas conical tents. Now, most frequently, the sheep owner hauls a trailer to the site to provide shelter from the wind and the rain and the lonely wail of the coyotes. Yet those herders who remain still carve, hauntingly, on the aspens. □

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU CAN FIND A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING BUT GLOVES

ALL ABOARD! — Toy trains, automatic switches, tunnels and thousands of valuable toy train collectors' items await the visitor at the Toy Train Museum in Strasburg, Pennsylvania. Designed by Walt Disney Associates, the museum building is a replica of a historic Sante Fe Railroad station in Perris, California. Hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily from Memorial Day to October 31 and 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday in April, May and November. The museum is closed December through March. Admission is $1 for adults, 50 cents for senior citizens and children 7 to 12. Children under 7 are free.

A NIGHT IN OLD SAVANNAH — What is billed as "a night" is actually three nights of ethnic entertainment and food in the Johnson Square area of Savannah, Georgia, April 26-28. The Preservation Hall Jazz Band of New Orleans will perform on a main stage and Savannah's own entertainment groups on satellite stages. More than 75 varieties of food, representing 17 ethnic backgrounds, will be served from decorated booths. The gates to the square open at 6 p.m., April 26 and 27, and 3 p.m., April 28. Admission is $2.50 for adults, $1 for children. Proceeds benefit Savannah-area Girl Scouts.

LEARN HISTORY, IMPROVE HEALTH — Walking Tours of America is a program designed to get Americans walking again. A public service project of the Kinney Shoe Corporation in cooperation with the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, the program offers walking tour packages that combine historical facts about the areas involved and information on the benefits of walking. Four separate packages of brochures are available: *Walking the East, Walking the Midwest, Walking the South/Southwest* and *Walking the West*. The packages can be obtained by writing to Kinney Walking Tours, P.O. Box 5006, New York, New York 10022, and enclosing $1 for postage and handling for each tour package.

OHIO CAVERNS — Discovered near West Liberty in 1897 when a farm pond disappeared overnight, the Ohio Caverns are the largest in the state and have the reputation of being the most colorful in the United States. Guided tours are given every day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Groups of 20 or more with reservations receive special rates. A 35-acre park above the caverns contains picnic tables and playground equipment. For more information, write to Travel Ohio, P.O. Box 1001, Columbus, Ohio 43216, or call toll free 1-800-282-0250 (in-state) or 1-800-848-1300 (out-of-state). □

ON A FINE spring day two years ago, Terry King, skiing down a pristine mountainside, linked his own looping S-turns down across Gene Downer's S-turns and completed a long line of figure eights. The men looked up at their snow etching and decided they had a good game. They placed an announcement in the local paper and a couple of weeks later a crowd of skiers turned out to determine which pair of them could make the most perfect eights in the First Annual Figure Eight Ski Contest. A spectator's photo of the winning pattern was published by a news service and appeared

The town with a sense of humor

by Jean Craighead George
photos by Robert Woodall

KSON
WYOMING

the next day in a New York paper. When I opened the pages 1,500 miles away, I knew at a glance where that game had originated — Jackson, Wyoming. Across that playful chain in the snow, in the relaxed stance of the spectators, over the wild mountain setting itself was written the signature of the little town in Wyoming.

Jackson, population 5,000, lies at the southern end of Jackson Hole valley, named for Dave Jackson, a mountain man, of the early 1800s. The majestic Teton and Wind River mountains cradle this town with its Western-style board sidewalks, false front stores and dusty streets. The center of town is a green park where 50 years of elk antlers have been stacked into an enormous arch of spiky grandeur (the antlers are collected after the elk drop them each spring). Around the square huddle shops for mountaineers, riders, hikers, canoers, skiers, fishermen, as well as a grocery, drug store and several art galleries that feature Western painters. A ski mountain and rodeo grounds back up to the southern end of Jackson and all of Heaven's outdoors surrounds it — the roaring Snake River, miles of sagebrush and forest, fish, elk, deer, flowers, hot springs, clouds, waterfalls and peaks. Typically, the people have set aside the fishing of a trout stream that runs through town "for kids only."

Crowded with tourists from Teton and Yellowstone national parks in summer and skiers in winter, Jackson remains wondrously unmarked by their presence. Here a well-dressed man is judged by the dust on his boots and his silver belt buckle, a woman by the grace of her Western shirt and blue jeans. These people entertain themselves with outdoor chicken fries, barbeques, river boatings and watermelon concerts (free watermelon after Mozart and Beethoven). Eyes meet the stranger's eyes straight on and twinkle.

To this place I have returned time and time again, for Jackson, with its beauty, its openness and its prankish sense of humor, is the town in America I love most.

Last April I dropped by there for a couple of days and spent two weeks. When I arrived, about half the population was outdoors headed west on bike, horse, foot and pickup truck for the Astoria Bridge, where the annual Pole, Pedal and Paddle Contest was in full swing. This is a three-man-team game made out of the stuff that is Jackson: mountains, rivers and active people. To play, a skier races down Rendezvous Mountain, hands his numbered bib to a biker who pedals 19 furious miles to the Snake River. There he transfers the bib to a canoeist who boils down the rapids to the

finish line. As I joined the crowd, a biker in chicken costume (to celebrate the day — Easter) came speeding along the wet road, head down, feet whirling. At Astoria Bridge, farther down the river, a cry went up as the first canoeist shot across the line. Within minutes, trios of winners were clustered along the bank. There were awards for almost everyone.

The din was comparable only to the noise that accompanied my first Jackson meet, the Fly-a-Kite-While-Boating-Down-the-Snake-River-Contest of 1971. In that contest, victory went to the rafters who first covered the 12-mile watercourse with a kite still aloft. Contestants met at Deadman's Bar at 11 a.m., launched kites, pulled out into the current — and suddenly kids were climbing trees along both banks to rescue kites, and men were jumping into swift water after them. Additional prizes went to a team that crossed the finish line with a woman hugging her baby, and to a great blue heron that flew into a kite and knocked it out of the sky.

From Easter on, Jackson is outdoor playing en masse. The Pole, Pedal and Paddle race was followed a few days later by the Snow King Serendipity, an annual town event that features rafting not on the river but down a mountainside. I saw on the slushy snow slope racers shouting and tugging canoes and rubber rafts up to the top. A starting gun was fired and down they came, dozens of swirling, skidding, bouncing boats. One raft went off a ski jump and sent its crew flying through the air, a canoe slid sideways off a huge bump, over a snow fence and into the woods. The spectators cheered and shouted.

In a hamburger joint on the square that day, I saw a young man put down a wooden nickel. "One medium rare," he said. The short order cook smiled and took the wooden nickel. When I asked him why he had accepted it, he grinned. "Prize money for Broom Ball. The kid won it in a crazy game we play on the ice-skating rink in tennis shoes with brooms and a deflated soccer ball. Rules are hockey rules. Balls skid around like greased pigs, guys slip, fall and sail on their seats. Keep right on playing. Funniest thing you ever saw. We've got two leagues now." He flipped the nickel and stuck it in the cash register. A good wooden nickel is precisely Jackson.

More contestants needed

A game that often runs short of contestants is the Ski-Down-Mount-Owen Contest. Bill Briggs, a locally renowned mountaineer, and Rubin "Boomer" McClure hold that trophy. Mount Owen is 12,928 feet high with a total vertical of 5,800 feet — in short, *very* steep. It took four hours for Briggs and McClure to climb up through the snow, rocks and ice to the top and three to come down that same rugged trail.

The young kids' Fly Fishing Contest is under way in April and almost every day elder Jacksonites stop by Flat Creek to kibitz and cheer on the young fishermen. A regular is Dan

Abrams, minister of the Baptist Church, a sturdily built man in his 40s and an ardent fisherman himself. He was watching a kid with alpine red cheeks cast into a pool when I came upon him one morning. The sun was sparkling on clear water, a horse was neighing in a pasture at the edge of town. I asked him if he could put his finger on what made Jackson so irresistible.

"The town attracts a certain kind of person," he said. "They come here, see the beauty and activities, and decide these things are more important than whatever they are striving for back home. And so they stay."

Abrams is such a person himself. When he was 12 he saw a travelogue of Jackson at the local theater in Kittanning, Pennsylvania, came home and told his father that he must live there some day. On a visit to town five years ago he dropped by the church, found it needed a minister and took the job at a 40 per cent cut in salary. "We've never missed the money," he said. "There's a spirit here that's more valuable. It's in the water, air and atmosphere. And it's in the people."

Jacksonites are average folk in many respects; they work hard, argue politics, laugh and complain. "But they are by far the healthiest group of people I've ever encountered," said Dr. Jack Walker, the town's physician. "The games and outdoor activities keep them in excellent shape. Of course many come here because they are athletic and like the challenging environment, and I consider the popu-

lation in general adventurous. People here live hard and play hard, and that makes for good lungs and hearts."

Dr. Walker is typical of the majority of Jacksonites. He first saw the town while vacationing from a job in the Texas oil fields and he told himself that he was going to live there. To do it he quit the oil fields, went to medical school and took his internship in Ogden, Utah. "Because," he says, "it was so close to Jackson." Afterwards, he settled along the Cache Creek with his wife and two sons. "I'll never move again," he told me.

While we were talking, down the street came Corky Ward, a 24-year-old cyclone on wheels. He was practicing to defend his championship in the upcoming six-mile bike race up a mountain. Pushing him hard were three beautiful girls. (Jackson's young girls are some of its best athletes, and several of them have made the Olympics in various events.) Behind them came Tom Ciulla, 24, running at full speed to get in shape for the Snow King Marathon, an August race for a year's ski pass. This is a seven-mile dash from the arch of elk antlers up Snow King Mountain and down again. I asked him why he was training so far in advance of the race. "It's a tough event," he said. "Have you ever tried running *down* a mountain? You wouldn't believe it!"

Ciulla has never won that race, but he did win a month's ski pass at the Masquerade Ball held on Halloween at the Mangy Moose, a restaurant and dance hall. His costume was a mass of cottonwood branches taped all over his body. He stood by the judges for an hour without moving, then sidled out on the floor and did a turn around it. "It scared them so badly to see the hall decorations out there waltzing that they gave me the prize," he said.

Community fun in Jackson is part of the town's heritage. It originated soon after the first child was born in 1870 when homesteaders, government surveyors, trappers and merchants met on the streets in spring to celebrate the thaw and the vast out-of-doors. "The very first game was Elk Hide Race," Irene Brown, president of the Historical Society of Jackson, told me. "A man would harness up his dog team, sit on his winter's elk hide and race down Main Street. Most ended up in a snow bank or got snarled in a dog fight."

Old-timers raced down Snow King

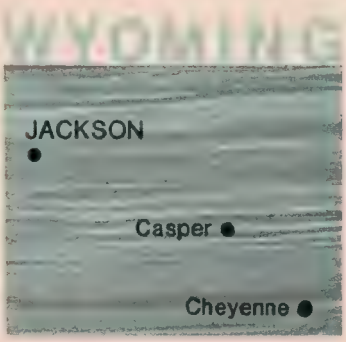
The old-timers also raced down Snow King on barrel slats with a pole between their legs for a brake. Horse and sleigh races were held almost weekly and there were log-throwing contests for the men. The barn dances involved everyone: men, women and kids. Youngsters were bedded down in the hayloft while parents danced all night. Some ranchers up the valley snowshoed 35 miles to town.

Wedding pranks were popular. Mrs. Brown recalls that a bridegroom was once forced to wheel his bride in a wheelbarrow to visit every house in town before his friends would tell him

where they'd hidden his horse and buggy so the newlyweds could go off on their honeymoon. "Took three days," she giggled.

The Jackson Town Hall is a plain wooden building on a side street. Inside, the mayor's office is decorated with Western paintings, a swivel chair and a desk. Mayor Lester May, a native of Jackson, pushed aside his papers to tell me about the Chuckhole Contest, a game that pokes fun at the local government. A chuckhole is a hole in a paved road that is created by frost heaves and enlarged by neglect. Contestants take snapshots of the chuckholes in front of their homes and send them to the local paper. The biggest hole wins. "Someone took a picture of the hole in front of my house," Mayor May said, "and superimposed the eyes and the top of a man's head peeping out of it. Looked like a bomb crater." He laughed uproariously. "Things like that are good for people," he said. "Relieve tensions."

But perhaps the most popular annual outing in Jackson is the Miles for Money Derby, the proceeds of which go to the Retarded Children's Fund. Toward the end of my visit I saw a gray-haired townsman approach a rancher who had come into town for supplies (Jackson used to be and still is an outfitters' town). The man asked him to pledge $10 for 10 miles he'd walk in the derby. "You're on," said the rancher, and opened his wallet. In the Miles for Money, hikers, bikers, riders and runners from all over the valley participate. Last year, rangers from Teton and Yellowstone parks, visitors and transients got into it and $7,300 was raised in one day.



Before catching the plane that was to take me home, I drove across the Teton Park bridge near the airport. Gene Downer was leaning on the guard rail looking dreamily upstream. I asked him what he was doing. "I think I've got a new game," he said. I glanced at the magnificent Grand Teton and then down at the Snake River rushing beneath us. "The First Annual Mentor's Ferry Cable Walk," he continued, pointing to the old ferry cable that stretched from shore to shore. "Can't you see all those canoers and skiers and rodeo riders walking across with balancing poles? Can't you see Reverend Abrams and Doc Walker out there halfway across when the wind begins to blow and the cable starts to sway, and . . ."

As I boarded my plane I was thinking about all of my friends walking the Mentor Cable and I laughed right out loud. □

Letters Letters Letters

Ford Mail Truck Finishes First

We have a unique situation here in this city of 15,000 people. We just changed from post office boxes to home delivery of mail. Almost every home had to erect a new rural type of mail box. A local building supply house had a contest for the most attractive mail box design. My design of a Ford Mail Truck took first place.

John A. Kany
Lake Havasu City, Arizona

Even an Antique Table

Who said there was no room in Ford Pintos?

This photo shows what my 1974 Pinto contained on a recent trip from Texas, including my sister, my daughter and me.

Yes, the antique table was there, too!

Vera Locke
Porterville, California

Hi-Yo Silver, Away!

Thought you might like to see my collection of silver Fords: a '76 Elite, a '72 Bronco and a '78 LN 7000 truck. All were purchased from and are serviced by Blais Motor Co. of Long Prairie, Minnesota.

The truck helps me earn my living. It's equipped with a 636-cubic-inch power plant, five-speed transmission and two-speed rear axle. I have added a high-back hydraulic driver's seat and AM/FM stereo cassette. I haul feeder pigs throughout Minnesota and Iowa. (My CB handle is the Pork Pusher.)

Ron Haynes
Long Prairie, Minnesota

FASTRAK

FORD PICKUPS

Built Tough, Built with Style

by Michael E. Maattala

WHATEVER TYPE of truckin' you're into, Ford probably has your pickup. That's because the 1979 F-Series pickups offer great choices in cabs, cargo boxes, payloads and a whole lot more. And, in the Ford tradition, all are built tough from the ground up.

"Last year the Ford pickup was America's best-selling vehicle — car or truck," said James A. Capolongo, Ford vice president and general manager of Truck and Recreation Products Operations. "Buyers liked the combination of toughness and family-type comfort and style, and we're offering more of these winning ingredients in 1979."

To meet your particular payload needs, four series make up the 1979 lineup: F-100, F-150, F-250 and F-350. There's something for most everyone in the way of seating, too, with three different cab types offered. The Regular Cab is a roomy pickup with a full-width front seat. SuperCab is a two-door pickup with room to seat a family of six with a full-width front seat and an optional forward-facing rear bench seat. Rounding out the group is the Crew Cab, a four-door pickup that seats six big adults.

Styleside cargo boxes are available with all cab types; Flareside boxes are offered with Regular Cab models. Styleside comes in 6-3/4- and 8-foot lengths with sturdy all-steel, welded double-wall construction, while the sporty-looking Flareside is available in 6-1/2- and 8-foot lengths with wood floorboards.

Ford Chassis-Cabs, which allow you to add the custom body of your choice, are available in Regular Cab, SuperCab or Crew Cab. And Ford factory-installed Platform/Stake bodies in 9- and 12-foot lengths are offered on the F-350 Regular Cab.

Optional tilt steering wheel

For '79, all pickups feature rectangular headlights. Nine new exterior colors and two new interior trim colors have been added to broaden the range of personal choices for buyers.

To help you expand your off-road horizons, Ford has added a new, heav-

Pages 32-33: James A. Capolongo, Ford vice president and general manager of Truck and Recreation Products Operations, with three of Ford's popular pickups (clockwise, from foreground): F-150 Free Wheeling Styleside, F-100 SuperCab and F-250 4x4

ier-duty four-wheeler series — the F-350 — to its lineup, resulting in the greatest choice ever of Ford 4x4s. An off-road truck with a hefty payload rating of up to 3,625 pounds, the F-350 4x4 in Regular Cab or SuperCab versions is as comfortable in city traffic as it is climbing a hill.

Ford recognizes that when it comes to interior and exterior appointments, buyers prefer being able to equip their vehicles to suit a personal style, be it basic comfort or top-of-the-line luxury. That's why four different trim levels are available, starting with Custom and working up through Ranger, Ranger XLT and the ultimate in Ford pickup comfort, style and prestige, the Ranger Lariat.

The handsome Ranger Lariat features a Deluxe Tu-Tone paint treatment within its sporty race track molding, special Ranger Lariat emblems and black Styleside tailgate appliqué. The rich-looking interior is highlighted by a fine selection of seat upholstery, including cloth with super-soft vinyl trim; special door trim panels with map pockets in the lower door, and extra insulation. Other upholsteries available are DuraWeave polyknit (Regular Cab), breathable knitted vinyl and all-vinyl.

For real eye-catching machines, take a look at Ford's factory-customized Free Wheeling pickups. The Free Wheeling Styleside Package "A" includes a multicolored bodyside accent tape stripe (a new chromatic tape stripe is optional), unique interior trim, blackout grille and black front bumper (an optional black rear contour or argent step bumper is required). In addition to all of the items in Package "A," the Free Wheeling Package "B" adds a black GT bar, five painted styled steel wheels in your choice of white or yellow and a spare tire lock. For short-wheelbase Flareside pickups, there's a Free Wheeling Package that combines distinctive accent pinstriping, a blackout grille plus black front and rear bumpers.

Two exciting mid-year offerings for pickup fans are the Indianapolis Speedway "Official Truck" Package and the F-Series Explorer. Both are available as limited production options. The Indy Truck was developed as a support vehicle for the Official Pace Car at this year's Indianapolis 500-Mile Race, a 1979 Mustang. The Explorer pickup is a special value package designed to provide significant savings on selected options.

What makes Ford pickups so tough? It all begins up front, with a Twin-I-Beam suspension that has the strength of two forged steel I-Beam axles with the ride of independent action. Frame siderails are up to eight inches deep, and the fuel tank is mounted within the frame under the pickup bed. Long two-stage variable-rate rear springs help the ride — empty or loaded.

A Ford pickup exclusive is the front fender liners that can't ever rust. They incorporate a molded one-piece design, are impact-resistant and help prevent mud, salt and snow from packing.

Ranger Lariat interior includes cloth seat upholstery trimmed with super-soft vinyl

The Styleside all-welded cargo box has a sturdy double-wall tailgate and sidewalls, while rounded corners make this box easy to clean. Every Ford Styleside pickup has more than 350 square feet of precoated steel, plus special vinyl sealers and aluminized spray-ons designed to keep Ford pickups looking young.

For '79, Ford offers new options such as an Accent Tu-Tone paint/tape treatment and a deluxe sand-colored pickup box cover. In addition, the Super Cooling Package can now be purchased with all engines, while the popular five-position tilt steering wheel is available with two additional transmissions this year — the four-speed manual and the four-speed overdrive manual.

Ford's optional four-speed overdrive manual transmission makes driving fun, and thrifty, too. Overdrive reduces piston travel per mile

for less engine wear. Equipped with this transmission and the 4.9-litre (300 CID) six-cylinder engine, Ford's F-100 pickup received an Environmental Protection Agency gas mileage estimate of 18 mpg (not available in California). Compare this estimate to the estimated mpg of other trucks. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions, and trip length.

A host of V-8 engines are offered on Ford pickups. They are: a 5.0 litre (302 CID), a 5.8 litre (351 CID), a 6.6 litre (400 CID) and a 7.5 litre (460 CID). Additional transmission choices include a three-speed manual and a SelectShift automatic transmission. (Consult your local Ford dealer regarding the standard and optional engines and transmissions on specific pickups.)

For CBers, Ford offers a factory-installed 40-channel CB with all controls located in the microphone, which disconnects for security. The unit includes a single triband (AM/FM/CB) antenna and is available in combination with any of the following audio systems: AM radio, AM/FM monaural, AM/FM stereo or AM/digital clock radio.

Optional Handling Packages are available on selected pickups and Chassis-Cabs. And for pickup owners who are on the move, there are optional Camper Special Packages and Trailer Towing Packages. □

Free Wheeling Flareside

ARCHITECTS FOR THE AGES

story and photo by Elizabeth Campbell

IN THE SHADOWS of the towering cliffs they stand, remnants of their former glory. The intricate stone masonry, constructed with the most primitive of tools, thrusts toward the heavens, a monument to the architects' ingenuity. For nearly 1,000 years the stone walls have basked in summer's sunshine and slumbered through winter's snows.

This is Chaco Canyon National Monument in New Mexico's northwest corner. The monument contains the greatest concentration of prehistoric stone buildings north of Mexico. People with an advanced culture lived here centuries before the first European arrived.

The earliest evidence of man in the area is from the Paleo-Indian Big Game Hunter who lived here 10,000 years ago. He was followed by the Archaic-level Desert culture 6,000-7,000 years ago. The Desert culture gave rise to the prehistoric Pueblo culture that flourished in Chaco Canyon.

The beginning of the Pueblo culture is represented by the "Basketmaker" period (100-700 A.D.), so named for the fine examples of basketry found by archaeologists in excavated sites. These people lived in semisubterranean houses called "pithouses" and farmed corn, beans and squash.

Around 700-900 A.D., aboveground villages were constructed, and, during the 10th, 11th and 12th centuries the large, multistoried pueblos (towns), for which Chaco Canyon National Monument is famous, were built. Other large pueblos called "outliers" were also constructed outside Chaco Canyon at this time. Archaeologists recently discovered a prehistoric roadway system connecting the "outliers" with Chaco Canyon and each other.

During the late 12th century there was an exodus of people from Chaco Canyon. By 1200-1250 A.D. the canyon was deserted; then it was reoccupied briefly by Mesa Verde migrants from the north. By 1350 A.D. Chaco Canyon was abandoned. No one knows why the Chacoans left.

Within the eight-mile-long and two-mile-wide Chaco Canyon National Monument are 12 large ruins and more than 2,000 small ones. There are a visitor center and a museum where exhibits and National Park Service personnel help the visitor understand the ruins. Four self-guiding trails (leaflets keyed to points of interest along the trails are available) lead through Pueblo Bonito, Casa Rinconada, Pueblo del Arroyo and Chetro Ketl.

Besides the four self-guiding trails, other trails of varying lengths lead to many smaller pueblos, some excavated and some not. Visitors are welcome to explore, though no digging or collecting is allowed.

Conducted tours are offered May through September. Information regarding evening programs is available at the visitor center.

Chaco Canyon National Monument is 67 miles south of Farmington, New Mexico. It's open all year. □

Filling the Skies With Kites

by Richard L. Routh

IF DINESH BAHADUR could be granted one wish, it would be to see the skies of America filled with kites.

Operating from his cavernous Come Fly a Kite shop in San Francisco's Ghirardelli Square, he's done just about as much as anyone in America toward making that wish come true. His shop, which he claims is the largest kite gallery in the world, is a delight to visit. It attracts thousands of visitors to buy or browse and is stocked with enough kites from different countries in dazzling hues, designs, sizes and forms to fill catalogs of bliss.

There are ornate Oriental models fashioned to resemble peacocks, butterflies, bumblebees, centipedes, eagles, swallows, grasshoppers, cobras, octopi, owls and dragons. There are Anglo-American kites like reproductions of clipper ships and World War I Sopwiths and Fokkers, and two-string kites that can loop the loop, hedgehop, do dipsy doodles, roller coasters and figure eights. And, of course, there are Indian fighter kites with glass-coated strings.

Before opening his string of kite shops (he also owns shops in Atlanta, Georgia, and Carmel and Santa Barbara, California), Bahadur was national kite-fighting champion of India. Moreover, he has won interna-

Kite Festival in San Francisco
photos courtesy of Kiteworld, Inc., San Francisco

tional kite-fighting championships in the U.S., Canada, Japan and Thailand and holds four world records in kite flying.

The kites in his shop range in size from one no bigger than a postage stamp, flown on a silk thread, to one that is 150 square feet and generates up to 300-pound pull on its electrically winched line. Although he has kites that cost less than a dollar — and most people buy one to their liking for about $10 — he also offers custom-made kites for up to $2,000. He has sold seven of the latter to customers that include Yul Brynner, Robert Redford and Jane Fonda. Some of his fancier kites are never flown but end up as wall decorations or hang from ceilings.

The stamp-sized dragonfly kite is no joke. Bahadur has flown the little Japanese kite as high as 300 feet.

While kites have been around for about 3,000 years, dating back to the Chinese Han dynasty, and have been used to catch fish, spy on enemies, tote weather instruments, tow boats and loft men and women into the wind, only in the last decade have Americans in any great numbers really taken to kites for the simple pleasure of looking to the skies and flying them.

About 150 million kites were sold in the U.S. last year, compared with only 40 million in 1970. Kite specialty shops such as Bahadur's didn't exist here until the late 1960s. Now there are about 200.

Kite contests and festivals are being held annually in practically every state. A couple of the more notable

Clockwise from right: Charlie Chaplin, 100-square-foot sled, smiling dragon, multi-celled box handmade from wrapping paper

are the International Kite Flyers Association's Flyoff (held on the weekend closest to the January 17 birthday of that most famous American kite flyer, Ben Franklin) in Sarasota, Florida, and the Smithsonian Institution's March Kite Carnival in Washington.

Even colleges such as Yale, Princeton and Vassar are fielding kite-flying teams. Books on kite flying abound. And the American Kite Flyers Association (1706 Campfield Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21207) publishes a quarterly magazine called *Kite Lines*.

Bahadur is one of the leaders in this American kite boom. He spends almost as much time promoting and teaching kite flying as he does working in his shops. He's appeared on *The Dinah Shore Show, To Tell the Truth* and *A.M. America*, demonstrated his abilities at half-time shows of games between professional sports teams, helped establish a National Kite Day (May 24) and written books, backed movies and given lectures on his favorite subject.

The day I visited his shop he challenged a woman to fly a kite and not smile. He went outdoors, helped her loft a mylar dragon kite over Ghirardelli Square and won the challenge. She bought the kite for herself and one for her husband as well.

"For a long time, most Americans

thought of kite flying as strictly for kids," Bahadur said. "Now they're finding it's great for adults. It provides relief, time for peaceful meditation, an opportunity to find out who you are.

"For a few moments you can really forget everything else — and you feel that you're free. It's as though you're up in the air, without any wings, and you can feel the pleasure of it."

One of his demonstrations is to show that you can fly a kite without wind, without tail and without running. For example, he flies kites in hotel lobbies and kept one aloft more than 100 feet in an Atlanta hotel for more than an hour.

"All you need is a little practice," he said. "Anybody can do it. It works on the same principle as a bird's wing. When you pull on the string, it creates air pockets, so by pulling and letting out line, you create your own wind."

Bahadur has been in love with kites since he was 3 in his hometown of Rampur, India. It began with one of the two great national holidays in India when millions of people take to the streets and rooftops to fly kites.

"With the first glint of sunshine, the first kites go up, and soon the sky is flooded with them," he explained. "Strings cross, lines are cut and kites go drifting off, only to be caught and flown again.

Dinesh Bahadur

"No flyer knows his own kite. Each knows only that he is in a great celebration in which all people, rich and poor, Hindu and Moslem, are mixed and joined together.

"I was walking down a narrow street and felt a string brush against me. I grabbed the string, and, when the tension came into it, I felt my heart fly. It was like being born again as a bird."

The simple joys of childhood have brought Bahadur a long way from the string he grabbed in Rampur. In New York, in 1964, he went to a park to fly his kite but was told he couldn't. There was a 74-year-old law forbidding kite flying. In 1890, a huge box kite had frightened a horse, which shied and tipped over its carriage. Bahadur fought the law and had it overturned. Then he and his uncle opened a kite shop, the only one in New York. Six years ago, he moved to San Francisco because of its "fair ocean breezes" and "friendly neighborhood hills" — an ideal year-round environment for kite-flying.

When there are so many kites, how do you choose the right one? "The best way is to use your intuition and consider the personality of the kite," Badahur said. "Look for the qualities that you would appreciate in a friend: novelty, tradition, grace, balance."

How about making your own kite? Badahur has kits and advice on that, too, but I like the response of an elderly man I talked with after leaving Bahadur's shop.

"The fun, it seems to me, is getting things up in the air," he said, "not sitting around gluing paper on string. Babe Ruth, after all, didn't make his own bats." □

GRANADA

AN AMERICAN CLASSIC

by Cara L. Kazanowski

LIKE WELL-EXECUTED designs in clothing, furniture and architecture, Granada's elegant style and clean, functional lines have made it an American classic.

Granada's compact size contributes to its maneuverability and handling, yet its roomy interior makes it a five-passenger family car.

Offering good value for the money, standard models feature a comfortable, well-appointed interior highlighted by an attractive flight-bench seat with fold-down center armrest, color-keyed cut-pile carpeting and burled woodtone instrument-panel appliqué.

With three models from which to choose — Granada, Ghia or ESS — plus many options, Granada two- and four-door sedans may be readily tailored to the buyer's personal preferences.

Among the trim and color revi-

Above: Granada Ghia four-door sedan. Below: Granada two-door sedan

sions for 1979 are four new exterior paint colors, two new vinyl-roof colors and a Tu-Tone Paint and Tape Treatment. With this new paint and tape treatment, your selection of two colors, such as Silver Metallic/Black, are counterposed harmoniously on bodysides, grille, hood, roof and lower back, with extensive tape borders and stripes complementing the basic design. Even wheel covers are color-keyed.

A new lighter-weight shift design for Granada's standard four-speed overdrive manual transmission leads the list of 1979 functional refinements.

The standard powerplant, the 4.1-litre (250-CID) six-cylinder engine with manual transmission, has an EPA-estimated 18 mpg and a highway estimate of 25 mpg. Use these mileage estimates for comparison purposes. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than estimated.

Granada ESS has smart European-inspired exterior styling, from its blackout grille to its tricolor taillamps.

Inside, the look continues via bucket seats with European-style head restraints, back map pockets, deep-pleated vinyl trim and more.

Granada Ghia continues to provide top-of-the-line elegance via color-keyed wide bodyside moldings and a back-panel appliqué, new full color-keyed wheel covers and accent paint stripes. Interior appointments include newly styled flight-bench seats with seat-back map pockets, new vinyl door trim with woodtone appliqués on sills and carpeted lower panels, and many other features.

Granada's long list of options includes automatic temperature-control air conditioning, cornering lamps, four-way power driver's bucket seat, power-disc front brakes, power moonroof, tilt steering wheel, fingertip speed control, power seats, power door locks and eight radio choices. □

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GRANADA NOW AVAILABLE IN SPECIAL VALUE PACKAGES

With the 1979 Special Edition Sale going on now at your Ford dealer's, you can save $220 on Special Value Packages of Granada two- and four-door sedans, equipped with the 4.1-litre (250-CID) six-cylinder engine only. When you select this package, the sticker price is less than if you ordered the items individually.

You get

- Vinyl roof (full vinyl roof on four-doors and half vinyl roof on two-doors)
- Color-keyed Ghia wide bodyside moldings coordinated with the vinyl roof
- Ghia paint stripes on hood, bodyside and decklid, color-keyed to the bodyside moldings and vinyl roof
- Color-keyed dual sport mirrors
- Deluxe Bumper Group
- Wire wheel covers

COLONEL SAM'S TaKe-It-Easy ToLLway

by Mack Brandewiede

illustration by Larry McManus

PEOPLE differed in their views as to Colonel Sam Robertson's celebrated Don Patricio causeway connecting the mainland of Texas with Padre Island.

To some folks, his three-mile-long structure appeared a little bizarre. Definitely, others decided, it looked like something, but not what it was. A few just were not sure about it. All did agree on one point. They had seen nothing else exactly like it.

Whatever was the case, a half-century ago, when Colonel Sam opened his causeway to traffic — both going and coming, he seemed to have a good thing. Right off, he got traffic rolling over the Don Patricio, driving the motorcade's first car across it.

After that, visitors began to "joyride" over the causeway to the Colonel's Padre Island resort. For the round trip, he collected a $3 toll.

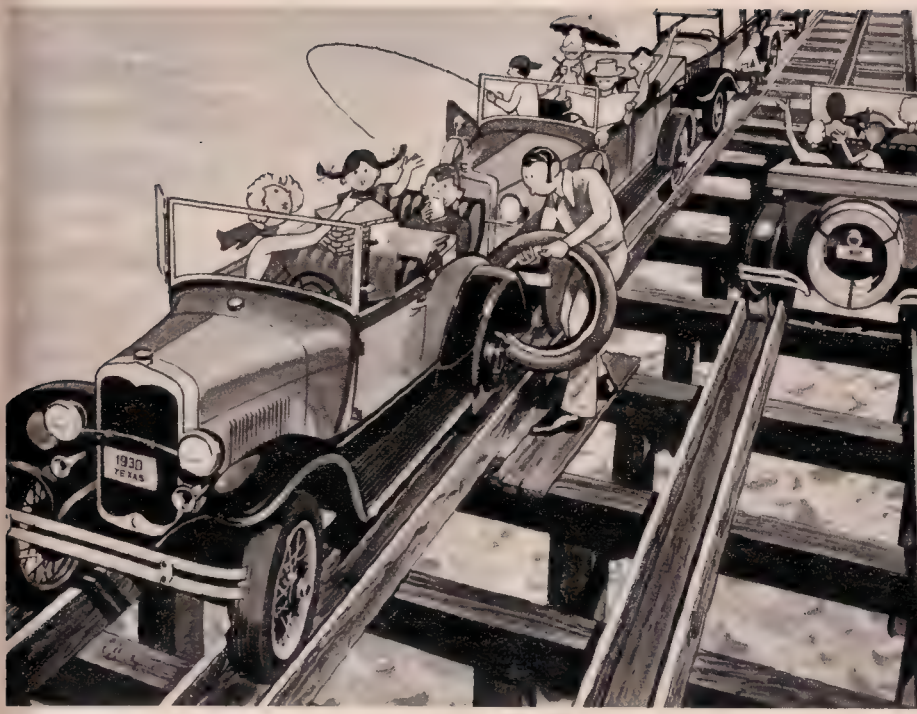
To build his odd roadway, the Colonel sank nearly $100,000 — in 1927, no paltry sum — in some 3,900 timber pilings topped by four parallel wooden troughs. In two of the troughs, cars went to the island; they returned in the other two to the mainland.

He named the Don Patricio after Patrick (Patricio in Spanish) Dunn, a longtime rancher on the island.

Naturally, when some folks first started over the causeway, they were a little uneasy. But becoming used to the troughs, they relaxed like everyone else, happily dawdling along.

Yet what people seemed to enjoy most about the trip was a good traffic tie-up. Tires being less durable than now, a flat was the usual cause for such enjoyment. Only with rare good luck did a fuel tank run dry.

Hopping out of cars, people helped to change the tire, repair the inner tube, refuel the tank, or whatever. Meantime, every one got acquainted, exchanged pleasantries and, on occasion, even shared refreshments — making the affair a festive occasion.



As more cars stopped, other people had fun.

Ardent anglers, eager for a nibble, grabbed their tackle, and wet a line. Youngsters, noses held tightly, leaped off the troughs, sinking with splashes. People with appetites, salt-air whetted, opened picnic baskets. Oldsters settled back for a nap.

After a while, a car's engine started, and a horn sounded. Shouts of "Y'all come see us!" were heard. This prompted the anglers to stow their gear, the kids to dry off, the snoozers to wake up.

Soon, all the cars started, all their horns blaring. Onward they rolled, the drivers later reminiscing pleasantly about their Don Patricio experience and hoping they would have such good fortune in crossing another time. Still, as someone remarked later, "It was too good to last."

Too bad, it was. In 1933, a storm wrecked the Don Patricio. It was never rebuilt. □

Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

by Nancy Kennedy

illustration by Fred Browning

PALACE COURT
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

This is an oasis of quiet and elegant dining in the midst of the bustling activity at the famed Caesars Palace Hotel and Casino. The restaurant is open for lunch and dinner every day; reservations necessary. The hotel is at 3570 Las Vegas Boulevard, South, and is one block east of Interstate 15 on the Dunes-Flamingo turnoff. Reservations advisable for hotel accommodations.

Filet of Beef Moutarde Forestière

- 4 6-8 ounce beef filets, butterflied
- 6 ounces butter
- 6 mushrooms, sliced thin
- ½ teaspoon each: rosemary and sage
- ¼ cup cognac
- 4 teaspoons Dijon mustard
- 4 teaspoons mild mustard
- 2 tablespoons sour cream
- ¼ teaspoon sweet paprika
- ½ cup whipping cream
- Salt and pepper, to taste
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Have all ingredients out before you start to cook. Heat two skillets, one over medium heat, one over high heat. Add 3 ounces butter to medium-hot pan; when butter is melted and hot, add mushrooms. Add remaining butter to hot pan; when butter is melted and hot, add steaks. After a few minutes, turn steaks, then sprinkle with crushed rosemary and sage. Watch mushrooms; don't allow to burn. Push mushrooms to side. Transfer steaks to mushroom pan. Add cognac to empty pan and flame it, then add both mustards, paprika, cream and sour cream. Mix mushrooms and beef. Grate pepper over steak, and salt to taste. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve steaks piping hot topped with mustard cream sauce. Makes 4 portions.

LE COUNTRY RESTAURANT
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

A dining place in the Continental tradition, it is at 101 North Street (U.S. Highway 7), north of Williamstown on the way to Bennington. Lunch served every day except Saturday and Sunday, and dinner every day except Monday. Reservations advisable. Nearby tourist attractions are the Williamstown Summer Theater and the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute. Raymond Canales is the owner and chef.

Chicken Divan

- 1 frying chicken
- 2 cups water
- Salt and pepper
- 1 10-ounce package frozen broccoli, or bunch of fresh broccoli
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 4 tablespoons flour
- ½ cup heavy cream
- 3 tablespoons sherry
- ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Wash chicken. Simmer chicken covered in water with 1 teaspoon salt for 45 minutes or until very tender. Save broth. Remove meat from bones in large pieces, then cut into long slices. Cook broccoli until just tender; drain and place broccoli on a hot, ovenproof shallow casserole. Melt butter in top part of double boiler; stir in flour. Measure 2 cups of chicken broth and stir gradually into butter and flour. Cook over boiling water; when it begins to thicken, add cream and sherry and continue stirring until done. Add salt and pepper, to taste. Cover broccoli with chicken pieces, then with sauce. Sprinkle with cheese. Place under broiler until sauce bubbles and is browned lightly. Makes 4 portions.

illustration by Greta Elgaard

illustration by Mike Hagel

EL CHORRO LODGE
SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

In operation since 1937, this desert hostelry has the old-time Spanish-Western atmosphere. Turn east off Black Canyon Freeway onto Glendale Avenue and drive about seven miles to 5550 East Lincoln Drive. Breakfast, lunch and dinner are served every day; overnight accommodations available. Reservations required. The lodge is open from October 1 through May. Hosts are Joe and Evie Miller.

Alaska King Crab Stroganoff

- 1 pound Alaska king crab meat
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 small onion, finely diced
- ½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
- ¼ cup dry white wine
- 3 cups warm cream sauce
- 3 tablespoons catsup
- 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- 4 tablespoons sour cream
- 2 cups hot buttered noodles

Sauté onions and mushrooms in butter. Add crab meat in bite-size pieces when the onions are tender. Add wine and let simmer. Add cream sauce, catsup and Worcestershire and simmer again to heat through. Fold in sour cream and heat. Pour over hot noodles. Serves 4.

Chocolate Ice Box Cake

Melt ½ pound of German's semisweet chocolate in top of a double boiler. Add 3 tablespoons water and blend before removing from heat. Add 4 egg yolks one at a time, beating vigorously until smooth and blended. Add 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar and ½ cup chopped nuts. Beat 4 egg whites and 1 cup whipping cream; fold both into chocolate mixture. Line a 6x10-inch dish with 32 lady fingers and pour in mixture. Let set 12-24 hours in refrigerator. Serve topped with whipped cream. Serves 8-10.

BLUE PETE'S SEAFOOD RESTAURANT
VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA

Pat Ricks, the owner and cook, started out as a coach and teacher, but soon he and his wife, Betty Ann, decided they liked the restaurant business better. Their charming, rustic restaurant is outside Virginia Beach proper in the woods on Back Bay at 1365 North Muddy Creek Road. Dinner is served every day from 5:30 to 10 p.m.; reservations necessary. (Closed Monday and Tuesday in the winter.) The Rickses also operate a small craft shop that features handmade quilts, ceramics and paintings by local artists.

Sweet Potato Biscuits

- 2-3 medium sweet potatoes
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3½-4 cups all-purpose flour
- 4½ teaspoons baking powder

Boil, peel and mash potatoes. While mashed potatoes are still hot, measure 1½ cups in a large bowl. Add butter, sugar, salt and milk. Mix well. Sift together flour and baking powder and add to potato mixture. Work with hands to make a soft dough. Chill dough, roll out and cut into biscuits. Bake on greased cookie sheet on top shelf of 400° oven for 15-20 minutes until light golden brown. Makes 12 biscuits.

illustration by Robert Boston

by William Childress
illustration by Henry Platz

A Man Who Seeks

IF YOU THINK Bigfoot is for kids — a figment of the imagination, fun to believe in and an absolute delight to be terrified by — you should meet Peter Byrne.

Bigfoot — or Sasquatch — is no myth to him, and Byrne's sincerity comes through in everything he does, and in all he says. His base of operations is the Bigfoot Information Center in Hood River, Oregon. His work is supported in part by the International Wildlife Conservation Society and the Academy of Applied Science in Boston. His goal is to take a Bigfoot alive and unharmed so it can be scientifically studied. Byrne says numerous scientists and anthropologists believe Bigfoot could be the missing link in man's evolution.

"My husband is a very honest man," says Celia Killeen.

And he is equally complimentary about her. "Celia worked with me for five years before we got married," Byrne explains. "In all that time she never flagged in her enthusiasm for our project, nor in her encouragement when times got rough.

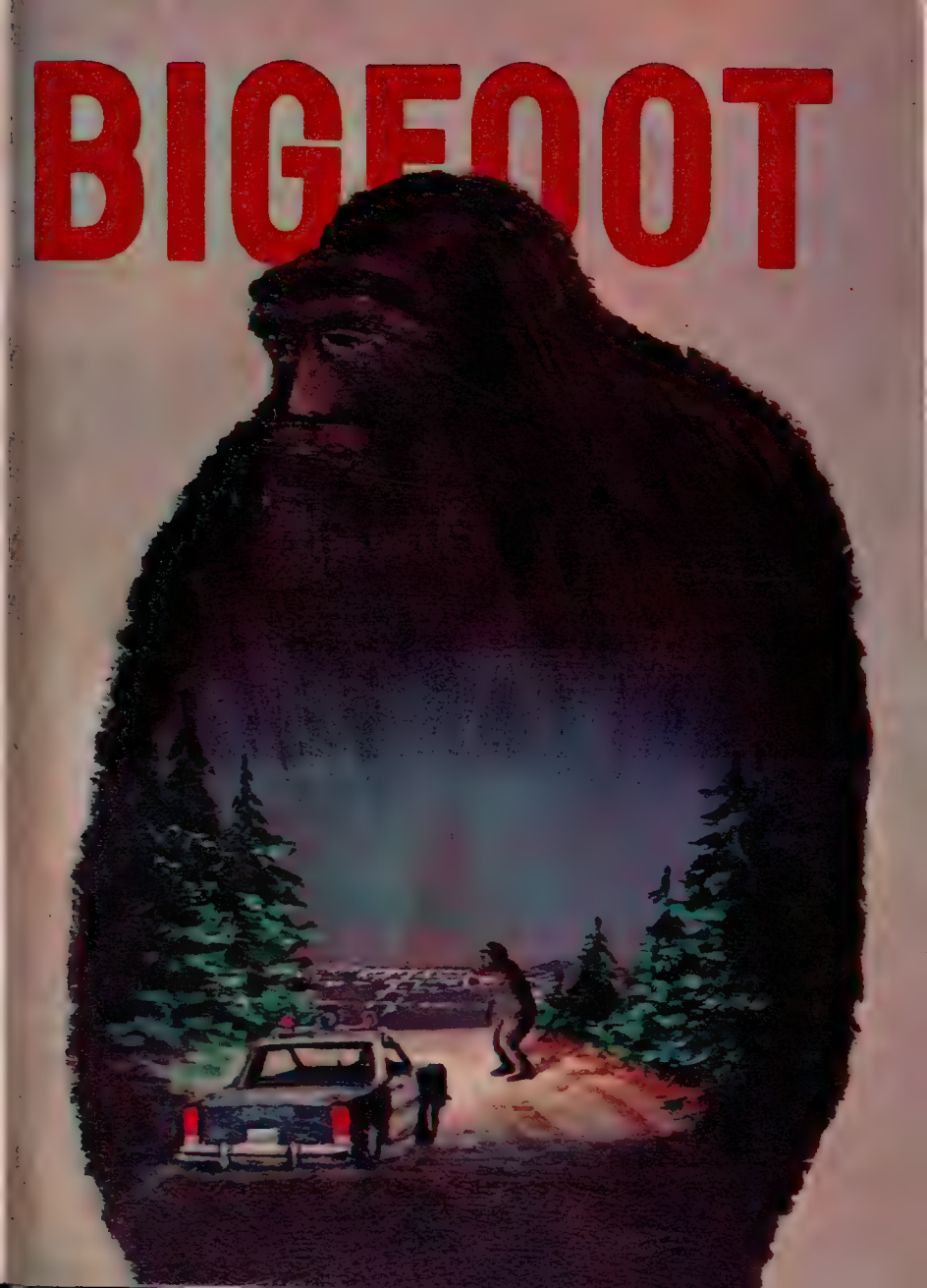
"We depend on donations for quite a lot of our work," he admits. "Neither of the scientific bodies I am affiliated with can bear the whole burden of outfitting expeditions, purchasing needed equipment, and so forth. The vehicle we drive is donated. Much of our night equipment is loaned, like the NOD, or Night Observation Device. Sasquatches prefer to ramble at night. With the NOD, we can see for 1,000 yards through the process of amplifying starlight."

Byrne also has a keen interest in Nessie, the fabled Loch Ness monster, but dislikes hearing the word "monster" attached to his creatures. "Writers often let their imaginations overflow," he says dryly. "Bigfoot is no more monster than was the giant panda, which by the way no one believed in, either, until a Westerner saw one in China in 1869."

He emphasizes that there is no record of a Bigfoot ever harming anyone. "All the creature wants is to be left alone," Byrne says. "I wish people who grab guns and rush into the night every time a Sasquatch is spotted would just try to *befriend* one. Why assume a thing is dangerous just because it's strange or unknown?"

The lean six-footer is now 53, his wife Celia 28. Between them they have amassed more than 30 years of

BIGFOOT



Bigfoot expertise, ranging from the study of countless footprints to hair, droppings, and in one case the shriveled hand of a Himalayan Yeti.

Their Bigfoot Information Center, a modern redwood building beside the river, holds a Sasquatch Education Exhibit of gorilla skulls, films of what may be Bigfeet, and plaster casts of footprints ranging from 14 inches (female) to 18 inches (male) in length.

Ruggedly beautiful, the mountainous terrain is a land of rich greens and plummeting silver waterfalls. Flanked by Interstate 80-N, which connects with I-5, dubbed by some "The Bigfoot Trail," the Hood River country is ideal for Sasquatches. Indeed, most sightings over the past 25 years have been made in these rugged Cascades. The range backbones its way from Canada to the Oregon-California border. Much of the country has never known man's tread.

"You simply cannot imagine how wild and rough it is without packing into it," says Byrne, who *has* packed into it. He and Celia have also tracked Bigfoot in Alaska and Canada. They believe forebears of the huge beast came over via the Siberian Land Bridge thousands of years ago.

"I first got interested in Bigfoot when I was a big game hunter," says Byrne. "Naturally, I wanted to kill one. Then one day I belatedly realized that if men didn't stop shooting animals, there would soon be no more wildlife. I got rid of my guns right after. That's been more than a decade ago, and I haven't killed so much as a meadow mouse since."

Byrne has led an eventful life. Born in Dublin, he spent four years in the R.A.F. Air-Sea Rescue Service in Southeast Asia during World War II.

By 1948, he was the manager of a tea plantation in North Bengal, India, a post he resigned when India nationalized all tea planting. "But living in India gave me considerable knowledge about jungle animals, which I hunted in my leisure time," he recalls. "It seemed natural enough to become a white hunter and safari guide."

Beginning in 1952, Byrne operated his own Nepal Safaris, until he became a conservationist in 1968. He then began work on the Sukla Phanta tiger sanctuary, aided by the International Wildlife Society of Boston. "We built the only existing sanctuary for Bengal tigers — animals fast moving towards extinction," Byrne says with forgiveable pride.

As early as 1960, Byrne heard tantalizing reports of an odd creature roaming the American Northwest. "They called it Bigfoot," he says, "but it sounded like a Yeti or Abominable Snowman to me. Since I had headed one Yeti expedition in 1958, sponsored by Tom Slick, a San Antonio oilman. I was interested. Tom died in a plane crash the same year. He was a dedicated seeker of Sasquatches, and is greatly missed."

He flew to the West Coast, took part in a few expeditions and uncovered one attempted con, then returned to India. It would be 1970 before renewed finds regarding Bigfoot brought Byrne back.

According to Byrne, certain writers of mystical persuasion like to dwell on "The Bigfoot Curse." While he labels such talk preposterous, it's nonetheless true that several men prominent in the search for Bigfoot have died in recent years. They include B. F. Porshnev, a Russian scientist; Tom Slick; Clifford Carl, a museum operator; Ivan Sanderson, an author and scientist who wrote a Bigfoot book in 1959; and Roger Patterson, a Washington rancher who is perhaps the most famous of them all in Bigfoot circles. In 1967 Patterson shot the only known footage of a running Bigfoot. It was also the first Bigfoot ever seen in daylight (the film was shot around 1:30 p.m.).

Patterson and a partner were riding in the high redwood country of northern California, near Willow Creek. A strong odor became noticeable, at which Patterson's horse spooked and threw him, but he was still able to unlimber his camera and get 28 skimpy frames of a dark, furry figure loping with amazing speed into the wilderness.

The film created a stir

The film set the Bigfoot world on its ear, has been examined by such authorities (among many) as the Smithsonian and the Corps of Engineers, and is still controversial. Willow Creek and nearby Bluff Creek, both on State Highway 299 in some of the most beautiful country in America, became meccas overnight. Today, a huge redwood statue of Bigfoot stands at the entrance to Willow Creek, where camera carriers cuss the U-Hauls clustered behind it.

Early in 1976, I sat in the living room of a young Washington police officer. College-educated, trained to observe, he seemed an unlikely hoaxer. And the strain on the face of his young wife told me I was right; they were paying for having told their Bigfoot experience. To escape crank callers, many of them profane, they had obtained a private phone number.

Briefly, the patrolman sketched

the incident for me. On a cold, clear night, with the lights of Tacoma winking in the distance, he had parked his patrol car on a tree-lined country road to fill out his duty report. He put his headlights on low beam.

"Suddenly, I became aware of a strong, offensive odor," he recalled. "I glanced up and saw a large shadowy form at the edge of the trees. To my astonishment, a large apelike animal, taking huge strides, walked in front of my patrol vehicle — right into the headlight beams. It stopped, peered intently toward me, then vanished up a steep embankment on the opposite side."

A friend of the officer later verified that large impressions, like footprints, led upward from the highway into the woods. "Whatever made 'em was *heavy*," he reported.

Three centuries ago Linnaeus, who Latinized our flora and fauna, deliberately set aside a name for a creature yet to be found: *Homo nocturnus* or "night man." There is no doubt that Bigfoot — or Omah, Dsonoqua, Bukwas, Seeatik, Bushman, Smyalik, and Yeti, to name some aliases — roams mostly at night. Things that go bump in the darkness can lead to vivid imaginings, perhaps why some people scoff at the idea of a huge, hairy beast galumphing through the shadows. They also think the Loch Ness monster is fiction at its waterlogged worst.

Yet tantalizing new evidence, perched always at the edge of credence, spurs believers to fresh efforts. "Even if there isn't a Bigfoot," their actions seem to say, "there ought to be — only because it's so exciting!"

Youngsters, whose imaginations are not yet dulled, may be Bigfoot's best friends. When Peter and Celia give lectures, they report keen interest among students, which impelled them to make special "Bigfoot Educational Tapes" narrated in Byrne's careful English tones.

One of the tapes features an eerie, hauntingly sad cry, something from time's primordial depths. It raises the hackles and makes the heart beat fast,

but out of sympathy, not fear. It is the wail of a Bigfoot, recorded late one night in the Cascades. Sound-printed, it showed no similarity to any known animal sounds.

People who insist a Bigfoot "has no place to hide" have no concept of the vast, 125,000-square-mile territory the creature inhabits. The area is bigger than the Philippines and Byrne likes to mention the discovery of a never-before-known Philippine tribe, the Tassaday, discovered there in 1972. "That was also the year a Japanese soldier, who had successfully hid out for 27 years, surrendered," he says dryly. To cap it all, a movie starring Dennis Weaver has been made about Ishi, last of his race, who strode into a California town in 1909 and made history. The Indian had lived for years on the very fringes of towns, and never been seen. Bigfoot, says Byrne, is at least as elusive.

Is Bigfoot a joke?

Does Bigfoot exist? Is Sasquatch more than just someone's idea of a joke?

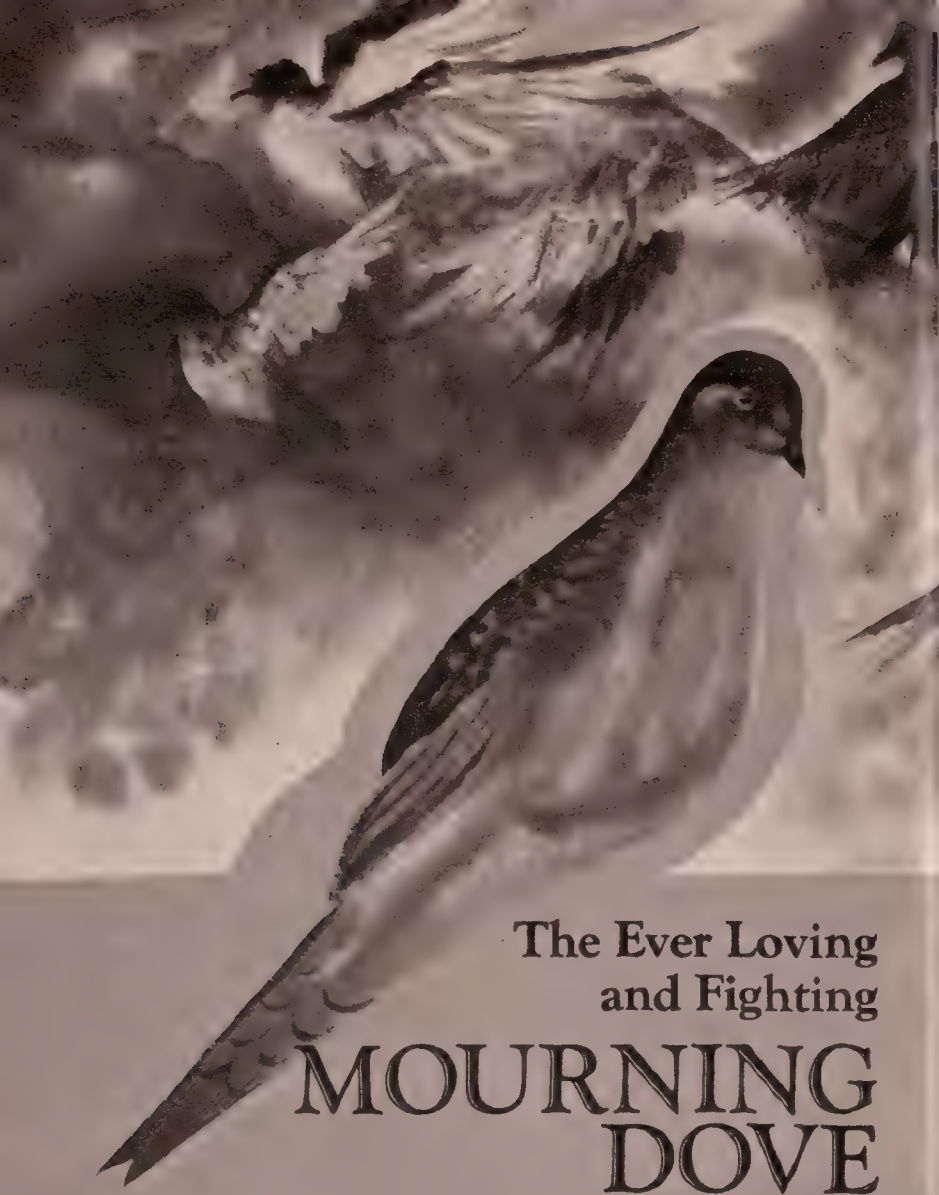
If so, say experts, the joker would have to be incredibly strong, very heavy, and very quick. "He would also have to be more than 150 years old," says Celia Killeen, "since Bigfoot sightings go back at least that far."

As for Bigfoot believers, they know in the best place of all — their hearts — that the creature exists. "I just wish they would stop hounding it," one young girl told me. "I think we ought to be friends with it and pass laws to protect it."

Both Canada and the state of Washington already have such laws, making the shooting of a Sasquatch a felony, which will be tried as homicide. Nimrods from every state take it most seriously.

And in Skamania County, near the Bigfoot Center at Hood River, BIGFOOT CROSSING signs alert motorists. The county also has one of the earliest protective ordinances, one which says Sasquatch is — at the very least — a relative of man.

For Bigfoot, things may be on the right track at last. □



The Ever Loving and Fighting

MOURNING DOVE

I DON'T KNOW who decided on the mourning dove — some people call it the turtle dove — as the symbol of peace. Whoever it was had never watched the ones that fight, feed and breed around my feeding station.

My doves regularly fight one another in fierce — though never fatal — wing-waving, feather-pulling battles. They bully the cardinals, the redwings, the catbirds. True, they tolerate sparrows, probably for the same reason I do: there's simply not much you can do about the house sparrow except tolerate it. With the jaybirds the doves break even, sometimes chas-

by Wyatt Blassingame
illustrations by Robert J. Lee

ing and sometimes being chased, but are never at peace. Mockingbirds and doves ignore one another. I assume this is because the mockingbird — perhaps the fiercest featherweight of all — has little or no interest in the millet, wheat, and sunflower seed of the feeding station on which the dove, a strict vegetarian, lives. For the birds, the dove is no peace — or love — symbol.

One dove watcher insists the bird's cry is not "Coo-oo-oo," as usually written, but "Woo-oo-oo." (Actually the dove's cry has a first note before the "Coo" or "Woo." It is a soft "Ohah," not audible at any distance, but, when heard, it sounds much like that of the owl.)

Whether "Coo" or "Woo," the voice of the mourning dove is not meant as mourning. It is a clear statement that mating time is here, a statement oft-repeated. In Florida, doves have been recorded mating and nesting 12 months of the year. There are usually two eggs, and one pair of youngsters will barely be out of the nest before the parents are preparing for another. Five or six hatchings a year are not unusual. Also, doves hatched in the early spring may be hatching young of their own in the late fall.

In the Northern states, doves may not do this well. Although they do nest in all the 48 contiguous states as well as in parts of Canada, they rarely spend the winter north of Iowa or southern Michigan.

It may have been the dove's ardent love life that caused it to be selected

as a peace symbol. Or it may have been the bird's great willingness to live at peace with man if not with other birds. Doves feed happily at backyard stations. They flock into towns or cities where food is supplied. They adopt man, and they build their nests in the darndest places: on window sills, front porches, lamp posts, flower pots, as well as in more conventional spots such as bushes and trees. Neither noise nor being close to humans bother them much.

One April 14, a pair of doves began to build a nest in a lilac bush within three feet of my living room window. At first, both birds brought twigs and dropped them in a makeshift pile. Then, with some supplies on hand, one bird took over the job of construction. (I assume this was the female although I was never really able to tell one from the other for very long.) The male continued to bring twigs, bits of string, Spanish moss, while the female did the arranging. She did a lousy job of it, as all doves do. Even finished, it was nothing more than a small, rickety platform. There were gaps in it almost big enough for an egg to fall through. The whole thing looked as if it would crash if a butterfly lit on it. Wildlife biologists estimate that about half of all dove nestings end in failure, at least partially because of poor nests.

This one, however, would prove stronger than it looked. It held when the female moved in and settled down on the 16th, Good Friday.

I looked in the nest, there were no eggs on Saturday and no eggs on Easter, although the dove spent practically all her time sitting placidly on the nest. But after that Sunday I had no chance to inspect the nest because she never got off it. Both the male and female doves are supposed to take turns sitting on the eggs. Maybe these did, since I could not watch constantly, but I saw only one bird. The mate may have been close by in the yard, but so were a dozen or so other doves and I couldn't tell who was who.

Then three small heads appeared

One week went by, two weeks, 16 days. I looked at the nest at least 30 times a day. One bird and one bird only was there every time I looked. Then on the 16th day there were three: two very small heads with fuzzy gray caps and black faces were showing just under the mother's breast. My guess is they were a day or two old when I saw them. And hungry.

Baby doves do not hold their mouths wide open while the parents poke food into them. Instead, the adult opens its mouth and the baby reaches inside. This is because doves, both the male and female, like the pigeons to which they are closely related, create what is called pigeon's milk. This is a liquid secreted in the upper part of the digestive tract.

A baby's nursing generally lasted between 30 seconds and a full minute. Then there would be a short break. The parent bird would gently rock itself to and fro. Biologists say this is a pumping motion to bring fresh milk

up to the mouth. Ready, the adult would again open its mouth and in would go the baby's head for another half minute or so. Then another break, the entire meal lasting between five and six minutes.

Strangely, pigeon's milk is chemically very close to the milk of rabbits. It is said to be extremely nutritious, and it must be. The babies grew with amazing rapidity.

At one-week-old, the two young birds filled their ramshackle nest from rim to rim. At meal time the parent had to stand on a limb outside. At night when an adult tried to settle down over the nest, downy feathers stuck out on all sides. Bits of nest broke and fell. Somehow, the main structure remained.

Then came a day with drizzling rain and wind. At this time the babies were 12 days old. A parent crouched over them all day. That night the weather grew worse. Toward dawn there was a real squall and, with daylight, my rain gauge showed 3-1/2 inches.

To my amazement the nest was still there, the babies still in it, a bedraggled parent standing over them.

Next morning there was only one baby in the nest. The other sat on the ground under the alamander. By noon they were both out of the nest. For two more days they stayed close by, one parent usually with them. Then they were gone. It had taken almost exactly the same time for them to grow up and leave the nest as it had taken the eggs to hatch.

Within a week the parents were back in the alamander. The female looked over the wreck of the old nest and didn't like it. I couldn't blame her. She flew about 10 feet and settled down, without even fetching a twig, on top of a hanging impatiens plant. The plant was in full bloom and its stems are brittle. Standing no more than two feet away, I told the dove to get out, find another spot. She didn't move. I had, quite literally, to evict her by force.

Within an hour she was back.

I evicted her again. And again she came back.

I took the plant indoors.

The dove is a favorite target

Although mourning doves are more than willing to live in peace with man, man is not always willing to reciprocate. In fact the dove is a favorite target of hunters over much of the country. It flies fast — it has been timed at 50 miles an hour — usually straight, and its dark meat is tough but tasty. An estimated 21 million doves are killed by hunters each year in the eastern half of the United States alone. Biologists say this has almost no effect on the total population for two reasons.

First, the wild dove is subject to various diseases, trichomoniasis in particular, that tends to thin the bird's population. At any given time, only 20 to 30 of any 100 doves will live for another full year. The second and more important reason: the dove's happy and persistent love life. □

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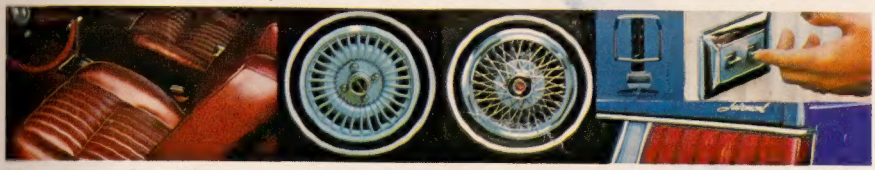

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